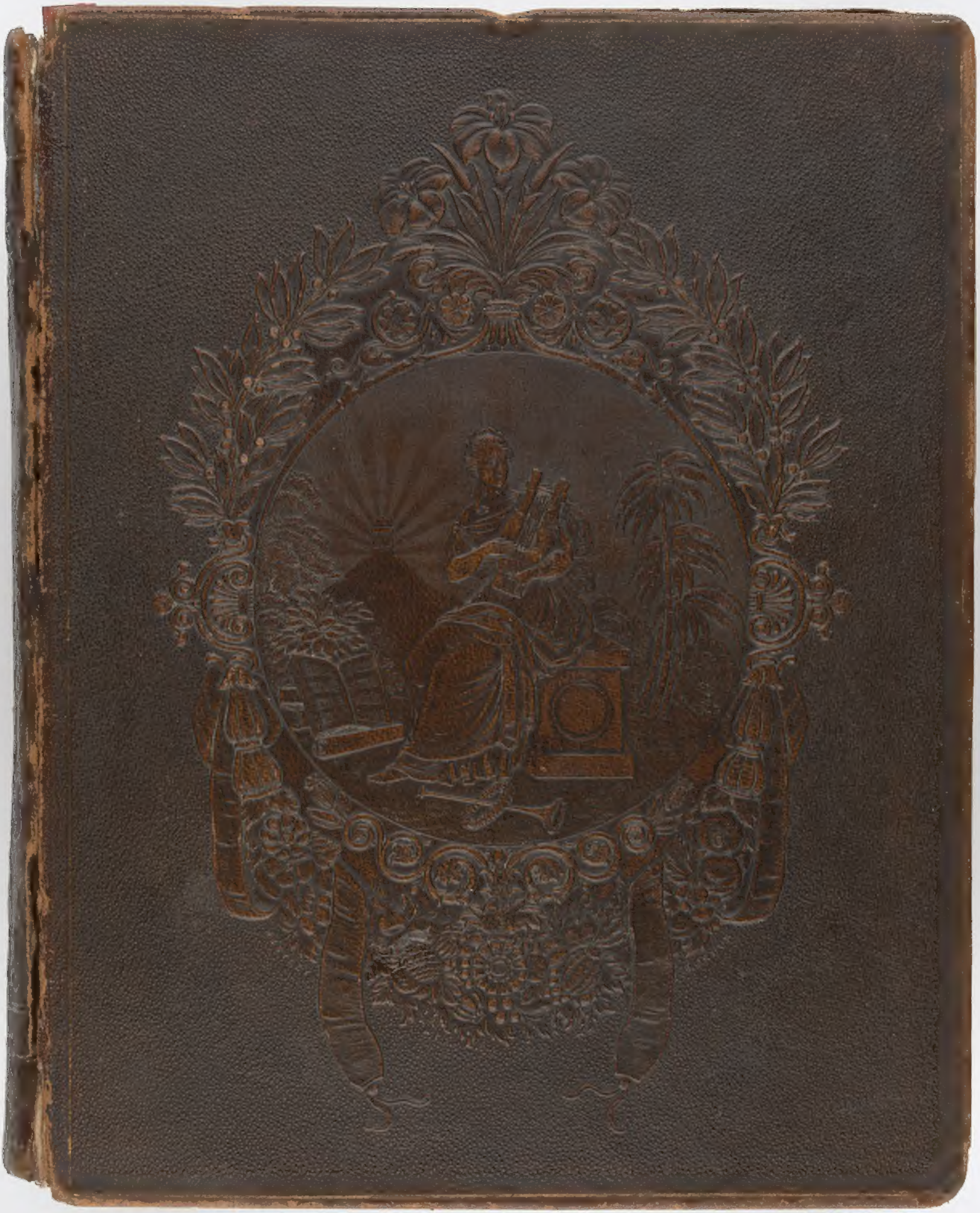

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PRESENTED

TO

Eliza Nesbit,

BY

Mrs Tankey,

6TH MARCH,

1841.

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Then from the friends we dearly love
Fate takes us one most frank
By words we can but faintly tell
The anguish of the heart.
But as soft words between sincere
Lovers half so well convey
Be the sufferer's the trembling tear
That denotes those words "Good bye"

F. E. S.

July 3rd 1861

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Mr. Acrostic.

Every pleasure in life attend upon thee.
Like a summer day dream may your days pass away
In this world may you find friends that will be
Zealous, assiduous, ever you wish to obey
And smooth your path in this world's weary way

Naught but happiness attend upon thee.
Ever may you be found with the grand the free
Sorrow n'er reach, or disturb thy sweet rest,
But with riches and health may you ever be blest
If for one single moment a dull thought stray
The very meat may a sweet one drive it away.

John Davis

July 17th 1841

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The Lowliness of Our Origin.

The most beautiful flowers that ever graced the table or head of royalty sprung from the earth. And whence sprang Man? Let the Holy Bible tell. – "And the Lord God formed Man of the Dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and Man became a living soul." How vain then the pride of birth or ancestry! What a perfect delusion to be elated or puffed up. When he from whom we are all descended was himself formed from the dust of the ground. The rich, the noble, the royal, can trace their pedigree no further; and the mean, the poor, and the destitute may trace it as far. How clearly, how forcibly, does all this say that pride was not made for Man!" –

Cath. 8th June 1847.

Rev. T. Mathew.

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The Land which no mortal may know.

Though Earth has full many a beautiful spot,
As a poet or painter might show —
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy, and bright,
To the hopes of the heart, and the spirits glad sight,
Is the Land which no mortal may know.

There the Crystalline stream bursting forth from the throne,
Flows on, and for ever will flow —
Its waves as they roll are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,
In the Land which no mortal may know —

And there, on its margin, with leaves ever green,
With its fruits healing sickness and woe,
The fair Tree of Life, in its glory and pride,
Is fed by that deep, inexhaustible tide,
Of the Land which no mortal may know —

There too are the lost! whom we loved on this earth,
With whose memories our bosoms may glow —;
Their relics we gave to the place of the dead,
But their glorified spirits above us have fled —
In the Land which no mortal may know —

There the pale orb of night, and the fountain of day,
Nor beauty, nor splendour bestow —;
But the presence of Him, the unchanging I Am!
And the holy, the pure, the immaculate Lamb!
Light the Land which no mortal may know —

O who but must pine in this dark vale of tears,
Thro' its clouds and its shadows to go?
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the love,
Of the Land which no mortal may know.

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Wine & Spirit Merchant.

Bath.

London Bristol and Cheltenham Coaches &c.

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Old Friends Together.

Oh! time is sweet, when roses meet,
With Spring's sweet breath around them;
And sweet the cost, when hearts are lost,
If those we love have found them.
And sweet the mind that still can find
A star in darkest weather,
But nought can be so sweet to see,
As old friends met together!

Those days of old, when youth was bold,
And Time stole wings to speed it,
And youth ne'er knew how fast Time flew,
Or knowing did not heed it!
Though gay each brow, that meets us now
Still age brings wintry weather,
Yet nought can be so sweet to see,
As old friends met together!

The few lin, known, whom years have shown,
With pearls that friendship blesses;
A hand to cheer, perchance, a tear,
To soothe a friend's distresses;
Who helped and tried, still side by side,
A friend to face hard weather;
Oh, thus may we yet joy to see,
And meet old friends together!

(F.T.)

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Jos. B. Pugell

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The Mother to her Withered Child.

Yes well I know my beautiful! then you will be a bride,
That your heart sealed with my hand and by the side
When I am dear then art to be, I am forgot my lighter time
Yet do I weep to see thee go for thou art not my own.

I think I see thee at the thy mirth when other fears are there
I shall hear the joyous laughing young used to wear;
I shall see the joyful soft glance of love from the blue sparkling eyes
And by gaud time will be silent when I am at rest in my grave.

Yes I shall miss thee sadly in my lonely home my child
When the face that has so often my mother's heart happy made
With joy and mother's calls, with glad mother's love -
Upon the final place of dear ones sure to be weep a glad remembrance.

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And yet I shame me that I weep, and will not be at rest
And is not well that the heavy sight that wells thy mother's heart?
And would not I come and lie on thee the I shall not see it even
Well and the world one be to thee all shame and life

Then I have clear my brow and breathe a glad sweet
To jesus by your favour, my child the spirit of the world
I pray you thee be another one and bid her trade here,
Be ready by light together just a day by the factory of my life

And I will humbly kneel to heaven and pray yet child to thee
May we be all then hast thee I will as thou art now
Well pray that do no's contrary come that prosperity nothing else
May divine be stamped upon thy brow or mother by the stepha

Victoria

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Royal Cumberland Lodge,

(1755)

BROTHER

You are requested to attend the Duties of your Lodge
on at Clock punctually
by Order of M. H.
Secretary.

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To Woman.

"Frailty thy name is Woman!" (Shakspeare)

The world hath wronged thee — oh! happiness
Has gone the withlys and the free
Your exile is the lot thy office to serve
With wounds of guilt and infamy.
Oh! but for man's ungrateful toils — to spill
The richest cup that Mercy fills,
To know the breast — from which he drains his fill
Of joy — from which he revels;
Oh! then were woman's love the greatest gift
Of all that's good and fair, a load star upon earth.
Oh! now where should the wounded spirit fly
From sorrows wrong? Where to rest?
Where now its rest, or where its sorrows die,
But in the home of woman's breast?
They only call thee frail, who never knew —
The spirits purest holiest thrill,
So true though some let it not be true
As ever unchanging still,
Who was the brightest work Heaven ever displayed,
Then turn in scorn to mark the work themselves have made

If thus in vain — to set aside wealth alone
Beside affections softness red;
To think another's misery her own,
And weep afresh with those who wept;
To shun the world's wide glances, to repress
The first weak feelings as they swell,
But when her heart is fully given — to love
With a devotion man never felt;
To count the cost for him, "the dangerous thrill
Long dream or [illegible] and then turn forever for all.

over

While he that bears our life's gaudy load
Grows with an inflamed pride,
See a poor creature, whose pale face
Wears such a gentleness of grief,
Still his attention doth repose & rest
Upon some lone & drooping object,
That lost in the stress of human tenderness
He trust a broken, helpless prey
Yet this is worthy & hath had its rest
Deep in the velvet shrine of woman's secret breast.

Such tenderness in the pensive heart is dear
Of all the heart holds dear;
Such is the tempest shelter of woman's power
The tender heart the sighs, the tear
Are all whatever man's fortune do in may bell
Of dream & of happiness.
Mine be it still — life's holiest, purest spirit,
The medicine of each bitterness —
Yes just around me I feel the gentle tie
Where weakness is its strength — your woman's sympathy.

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My Father's Growing Old.

My Father's growing old – his eye,
Looks dimly on the page;
The locks that round his forehead lie
Are silvered o'er by age:
My heart has learned too well the tale
Which other lips have told
His years and strength begin to fail –
"My Father's growing old."

They tell me in his youthful years
He led me by his side;
And strove to calm my childish fears –
My erring steps to guide.
But years with all their scenes of change
Above us both have rolled –
I, now must guide his faltering steps –
"My Father's growing old."

When sunset's rosy glow departs
With voices full of mirth;
Our household bands with joyous hearts
Will gather round the hearth.
They look upon his trembling form –
His pallid face behold,
And turn away with chastened tones
"My Father's growing old."

And when each tuneful voice we raise
In songs of long ago,
His voice which mingled in our lays
Is tremulous and low:
It used to seem a clarion's tone –
So musical and bold
But weaker – fainter – it has grown
"My Father's growing old."

The same fond smile he used to wear
Still wreaths his pale lips now;
But Time with lines of age and care
Has traced his placid brow.
But yet amid the lapse of years
His heart has not grown cold
Though voice and footsteps plainly tell –
"My Father's growing old."

My Father! thou didst strive to share
My joys, and calm my fears,
And now thy child with grateful care
In thy declining years
Shall smooth thy path, to brighter scenes,
By FAITH and HOPE unfold;
And love thee with a holier love
Since thou art growing old.

Charles Henry Cromwell Marsh
January 1st 1861.

TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

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Fortunes of the Cromwells.

The Cromwells were of consideration in high County standing in Huntingdonshire, seated at the fine mansion of Hinchinbrooke, and descended in the female line from Cromwell Earl of Essex, of the time of Henry the Eighth. The chief, as well as many of its members, fought manfully under the royal banner. At the present time seven peers of the realm have descended from the Lord Protector, namely, the Earls of Morley, Chichester, Rother, Cowper, Clarendon, de Grey and Ripon; but as a contrast to the fair side of the picture, we must honestly confess, that within a hundred years after Oliver's death, some of his descendants were reduced to the depths of poverty, almost begging their daily bread. It is a singular fact, that an estate which was granted to George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, for restoring the monarchy, should by intermarriages, eventually rest in the late Oliver Cromwell, Esquire of Cheshunt, who died in 1821, being then the last male descendant of the Protector.

Doubtless Ancestor of the Aristocracy.

The Earl of Lichfield married to Mary Harriet Pelham, Eldest Daughter of the Earl of Chichester, 31st Aug.st 1850.

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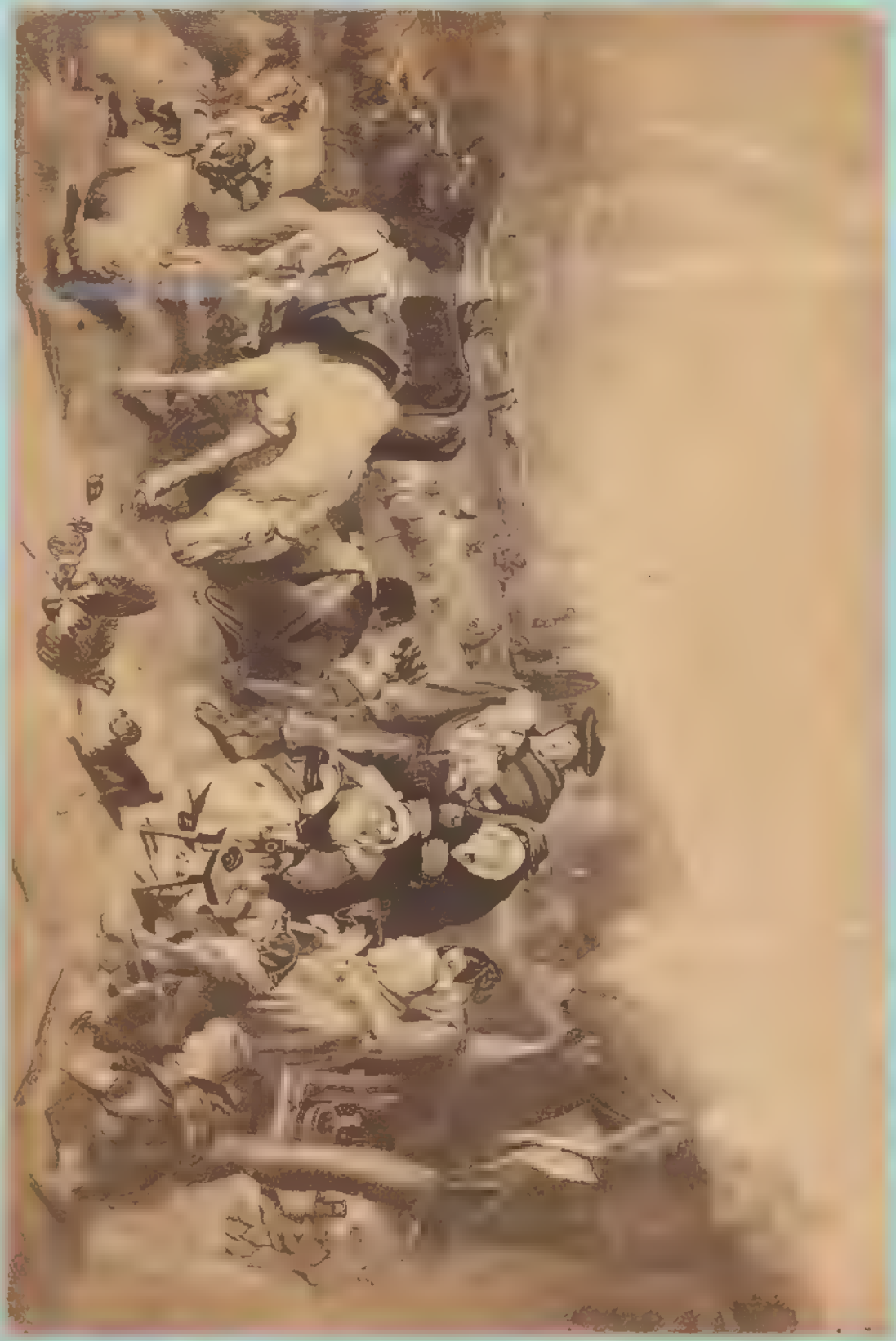

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To his Highness the Lord Protector
of the Commonwealth of England.

The Humble Petition of Margery, the Wife of
William Beacham, Mariner,

"Sheweth,

"That your petitioner's husband hath been active and faithful in the wars of this Commonwealth, both by sea and land, and hath undergone many hazards by imprisonments and fights, to the endangering of his life, and at last lost the use of his right arm, and is utterly disabled from future service, as both appear by the certificate annexed, and yet he hath no more than 40s. pension from Chatham by the year:

"That your petitioner having one only sonne, who is hactable to learn, and not having wherewith to bring him up, by reason of their present low estate, occasioned by the public service aforesaid:

"Humbly prayeth, that your highness would vouchsafe to present his said sonne, Randolph Beacham, to be scholar in Sutton's hospital, called the Charter-house."

"Olivr P.

"We refer this petition and certificate to the commissioners of Sutton's-hospital.

"July 28, 1655."

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"Copy of a letter sent by Oliver to his Secretary,
on the Petition.

"You receive from me, this 28th instant, a petition of Mungery Fraeloun, craving the admission of his son into the Charter House. I know the man, who was employed one day in a very important secret service, which he did effectually, to our great benefit, and the Commonwealth's. The petition is a brief relation of a fact, without any flattery. I have made under it a common reference to the commissioners; but I mean a great deal more; that it shall be done, without their debate, or consideration of the matter, unless you privately hint to ****.
I have not the particular shining trouble or feather in my cap too evident to gaze at, or kneel to; but I have power and resolution too loose to tremble at, to be shaken. I know how to deny petitions, and whatever I think proper, for outward form's sake, to open to any person or office, I expect that such my compliance with custom shall also be looked upon as an indication of my will and pleasure to have the thing done. See therefore that the boy is admitted.

"My true friend,

"Oliver P.

"July 28, 1655."

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Affection

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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BATHWICK NEW CHURCH.

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Marsh.

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Thomas Marsh, of Glastonbury, in the County of Somerset, Gentleman, Son of Charles Marsh of the family of the Marshes of Wales, Married Frances Cromwell, Daughter of John Cromwell, Descended from George Cromwell, of the family of the Cromwells, of Hinchinbrooke, Huntingdonshire, Who was Married at Rodney Stoke, in the County of Somerset, the 24th January 1693.

Charles Henry Cromwell Marsh,
Great Grandson
of the above Thomas Marsh.

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Charles

Henry Cromwell Marsh.

BORN

13TH FEBRUARY

1845.

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Birth day Lines composed by John Lowsborough, Esqre
and presented to Mr and Mrs Marsh on the occasion of their
dear Child, Charles Henry Cromwell attaining his first year.
Friday 13th February, 1846.

My Charles my Henry Cromwell dear!
This day thine age is just one year;
Most gladly will thy Parents joy
On this thy natal day sweet Boy!

Kind Friends and Friends shall also join;
Their cordial wishes to combine,
That many years thy life may crown,
Thy every step, with flowers strewn.

May all that's pleasing, loving, kind;
A place within thy bosom find;
No meagre scant of virtue there,
A heart ennobled, full sincere!

Thy soul enlarged by grace Divine;
To virtue's sacred laws incline;
Rich with Delight, the mind shall be
Replete with hope, the God to see.

In blessings such as these we pray,
May Providence thee day by day;
That when life's eddying voyage is o'er
Subject to sin and death no more.
Thy feet shall stand secure on th' Eternal Shore

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麥士三亞星个鑑謀 羽士

無白星神

星白寶

Charles Henry Rammell Hewish

Hamond Pheasant

Lucifrau

Ede Rand

Ede Lunny

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寶謹仔士星謹羽士

無皇星神

星皇寶

Parnell Hills South Brush-

Mount Pleasant

Liverpool

the Rare

Tech Lonnie

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To
Darling

Oh! his are scenes of parting here,
Love's watchword is "Farewell!"
And almost starts the tear
Ere dried the last fond yell:
Commit o'er the lovers whose happy flight
Is shared with those we love;
Like stars amid a stormy night,
Has how few their peer!

— I —

Then happiest he, whose gifted ear
Those thus world can see,
And those divine realms descry,
Where partings cease to be!
Who with one changeless friend on high
Life's varied path has trod,
And soars to meet beyond the sky
The ransomed and their God.

Townsend

Mrs Ayers
Tunbridge Wells

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[illegible]

If you [illegible] you would [illegible]
[illegible]
If at first you don't succeed,
Try again,
Then your courage should appear
For if you don't succeed,
You lose your chance, perhaps,
Try again.

[illegible] the rest you should [illegible];
Try again.
If you should at last prevail,
Try again,
If we stop, we no detail
[illegible] the [illegible];
What should [illegible] a [illegible],
Try again!

If you find a bright [illegible],
Try again.
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Try again
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible], [illegible], [illegible] you?
Only keep the [illegible] [illegible]
Try again.

[illegible] 1849

Anonymous

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[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MUCH LAMENTED

WILLIAM SMITH,

WHO WAS DROWNED IN SALLEN LAKE ON THE

13TH JUNE 1863,

BY HIS DISCONSOLATE STEP-FATHER,

HENRY C. M'CARTNEY.

Ah! Willy, you beneath the cold, cold earth, are sleeping,
Joy, youth's pleasures over,
Yet your loud Parents for your loss are weeping
That you are no more
But their sad hearts still memory keeping,
As [illegible]

When winter's winds [illegible] leafless trees are moaning,
Like to hearts bereaved
When Sallen lake against the reeds is [illegible]
Sad music keep,
There will be two whose hearts sorrows [illegible]
Mourning for your sake.

When the [illegible] on your grave is [illegible]
With [illegible]
And the small flowers their buds and blossoms twining
Burst through that clay,
There will be two on that sad spot repining,
Lost hopes and day.

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory
[illegible]
And wintry storms have with their rude boars,
Its loveliness [illegible]
[illegible]
Passing [illegible]

[illegible] sorrow,
[illegible]
No weakness, nor [illegible] to borrow
From hearts [illegible]
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow,
Shall never need.

Lay me now my loved boy's narrow dwelling
[illegible]
Many sorrows for your death are swelling,
And bitter tears start.—
[illegible] which is now kneeling
At many hearts.

Castlebar June 18th, 1863

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The Lawyer and his Client

The Lawyer when a knotty point was o'er,
All right, friends, and were as good friends as before.
"Sound!" cry the losing Client "how come Law"
We're still friends, however, just now
Therefore we part, we Lawyer, I'll be Law
Let's share, we'll cut ourselves out of that between

Great Law, this our petition Grant
(Thou knowest best what Mortals want)
Wished or Unwished, what's good happy
What's evil, be our pray're deny!

Sydney
October, 1811
J.T.W.

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The pomp of Courts, the power of Kings
I prize beyond all earthly things,
I love my Country, but the King
Above all Men his praise I'll sing,
The English Banners are displayed
And may success the Standard aid
I fain would banish far from hence
The rights of Man and common sense
Destruction to his odious reign
That scourge of Princes, Thomas Paine
Defeat and Ruin seize the cause,
Of France her Liberties and Laws.

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THE SABBATH BELL.

BY HENRY CHARLES M'CARTNEY.

How sweetly sounds the Sabbath Bell,
How soothing a tune doth its music tell;
It invites us to the House of Prayer,
To Worship God in Spirit there.

Dark visions of that woful day,
When my poor Boy was called away,
Comes o'er me with a gloomy spell
When e'er I hear the Sabbath Bell.

How suddenly he passed away,
Like summer shower on an April day;
In the silent grave he now doth dwell
Wherein he hears not the Sabbath Bell.

Ah! Willy, I did not see you die—
You faded not on me with loving eye;
I would fain have run to save
But you had sunk beneath the wave

His [illegible] pleasures are fled away,
And [illegible] that was so gay —
[illegible] he now doth dwell,
Where [illegible] the Sabbath Bell

[illegible] church yard I see
[illegible] me;
[illegible] well
[illegible] Sabbath Bell

[illegible] eyes,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Oft as I hear the Sabbath Bell

Sweet is the memory that you wake,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Oft as I hear the Sabbath Bell.

But he is gone to the bright blissful land,
To make one among the Angelic band,
With God eternally to dwell
Where peals the heavenly Sabbath Bell.

Ah! Willy, when I am gone away
Who will then visit your house of clay,
Without sad grief doth my heart swell,
When listening to the Sabbath Bell.

Farewell my boy, my Angel boy,
O may we meet in that Heaven of joy,
The Saviour's praises there to tell
Where peals the endless Sabbath Bell.

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The Wife's Farewell

The Autumnal sunset dyed the western skies
And threw a softened glory o'er the earth;
The cooling breezes played among the brown
And yellow leaves, and woke within the woods
Wild thrilling music tones:—

And there was one
Whose last request had been to have her couch
Drawn to the window that she might once more
Drink in the beauty of this lovely earth.
Her deep blue eyes were filled with tears, as oft
She turned from the sweet scene without, and laid
Her trembling fingers upon her husband's head
Or smoothed the damp locks from his burning brow,
Till he murmured in tones of agony
"How can I live without thee?"

Then she turned
Toward him with a look of deathless love
And with a sweet smile resting on her lips
Said in a tone of melting tenderness:—
"Thou will not, precious one
For souls so linked as ours can never part.
Death seals the eye, and silences the tone
But cannot touch the heart."

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"And dearest – we have loved
With an unchangeable – a deathless love.
Begun on earth to be still further proved
And perfected above.

Dost thou remember well
How full of happiness our lives have been –
Dwelling together in this lovely dell
So holy and serene –
Where not one grief has come
And not one sorrow thrown its darkened shade
Over the sunlight of our happy home.
Which love so sweet has made."

Ah! thou will never forget
The brow – the heart that throbbed alone for thee
The love that clings to thee in death, and yet,
Struggle to be free –
For I am going to me –
Home, where the weary ones so sweetly rest
Where thou my best beloved soon shalt come.
And lean on Jesu's breast.

The time will not be long;
Life's shadows lengthen 'er the shortening way
Thousands will swell the loud triumphant song,
Where there is no decay.
And I will ask to come
And float around thee in thy sombre hours
When evening's shadows fill thy lonely room
And dew rests on the flowers.

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And on thy aching brow
With the cool southern airs of Paradise;
And raise the spirit that is drooping now
To soar beyond the skies.
Our love has been so deep,
And I so happy in thy company
I scarce could stay in Heaven if thou didst weep
I'd fly to comfort thee.

Ah! I am going now—
Start not, my husband, only close fold
Thy shielding arms about me—kiss my brow
That grows so damp and cold.
Lay me upon thy heart;
I long to die on that sweet resting place
And dearest smile on me ere we part,
I scarce can see thy face.

Let my last dying breath
Be gently breathed upon thy lips—for oh!
Thou art so very dear to me in death;
Farewell beloved—I go."
See angel forms of light
Beckon me so fly to the golden shore
Long to go where all things are so bright,
And I shall weep no more.

I can hear music sweet
From the innumbered lyres with golden
strings,

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And happy resuwholie at Jesu's feet
And sing of holy things.
Oh! earth, with all its love
Is nothing with this land of bliss in view;
Its ties are loosening — and I mount above
Detain me not — Adieu!"

The stricken husband went upon his way
But ere the Autumn came again — he joined
His loved, and lost one, in that peaceful land
Where the heart's clinging cords are never riven.

F.C.C. Marsh. 1st Jan. 1866.

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Theory of Marriage.

There was a merry fellow supped with Plato, two thousand years ago, and the conversation turned upon love and the choice of lives. He said, "he had learned from a very early tradition that man was created male and female, with a duplicate set of limbs, and performed his procreative functions with a whirling movement as a wheel; that he became in consequence so exceedingly wicked that Jupiter indignant split him in two lines that have ever since run through the world in quest of the other half. If the original halves meet, they are a very loving couple; otherwise they are subject to a miserable, wishing, peevish and uncongenial harmony. The search, he said was rendered difficult, for the reason that one man alighted upon a body that did not belong to him, and the lie necessarily the same till the whole affair was thrown into inextricable confusion.

G.W.

11th March 1850.

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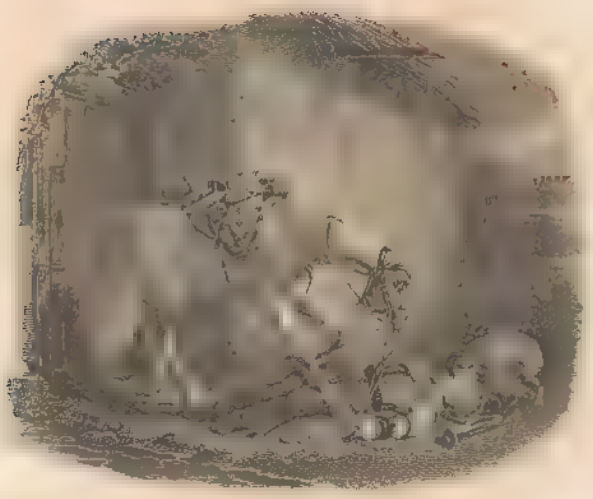

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Who is the Neighbour?

Is the neighbour? It is he whom the
[illegible] has set and [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Is the neighbour? He that [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible];
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Is the neighbour? He the [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Is the neighbour? He [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

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[illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible]

"[illegible]

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"Lash! lie the rice box! you [illegible], brother!
For this, for this, he [illegible] me to [illegible]!
[illegible] leaves [illegible] his wife! his child! for what?
[illegible] smile [illegible] the [illegible] the cat!

"Yet, I'll not curse [illegible]! [illegible] all in vain
[illegible] [illegible] against
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to you;
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] two,

---

"Hark! how the [illegible]! The blast [illegible] by
Hoarse moans [illegible] large swells through the [illegible];
Ah! [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]!"
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"[illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]!
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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"Death more closely, dearer, to regret:
Thou art wed, Fond, to my embrace will part;
Husband, Sole Father, Lost one,
In God I rest my Soul, Farewell dearest Dear:

Begone, I pray, the gone, the glimmering spark hath fled.
The wife and child are numbered with the dead,
In the old church, substantial in adornment,
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast,
The gambler sense of lost, lost, lost, wonder;
Dread silence reigns around, the clock, tick, tick, tick:

John Kelly

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Come to the refuge. Let fear
Be given to those who seek by faith and prayer.
Upon all the ills that abound
Throughout this world of sin;
The faithfulness of Him who is love
Remained unchanged nor death removes.

Come be the sweetness of the flower
That bows its head before the blast;
Release the fragrance and the power
In loveliness around the last;
Its health and love like flames of fire
Inviting the higher therein, here.

And when the Master calls thee: Come
Come be the heirs of endless joy,
Here Heaven's eternal rays shine
Beneath the bright and cloudless sky.
Those Palms how wonderful, how fair,
Danger is blissful welcome there!

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Voltaire's Creed addressed to Rousseau.

I adore one God the Creator of all things, a being of infinite Wisdom, the rewarder and punisher of all Men, not the enemy or Friend of one sect or one Nation, but the equal Father of all, weak terrestrial Princes prefer those subjects who flatter best, but God does not desire our flattery, his truest Temple is in the heart of a just Man. There is no necessity of assembling on certain days to inform him in a Song that he is just and merciful, every Man who loves mankind his native Country and his Wife, who duly instructs his Children, who adheres to justice and assists the unfortunate serves God as he himself requires and fulfills the law. I know none who are more truly Impious than the bad the cunning and the slanderous. I firmly believe that every just Man believes in God and that God is a good thing, whose only desire is to make his subjects happy. I verily believe that our great common Parent will save honest Indians, honest Bramins, the Swiss Vicar, and John James himself if he repents of his follies and his collumnies. I admit of final causes in the system of Providence, and I humbly think that Thieves, Highwaymen, Hornets, Serpents, and bad Writers are produced to effect some secret good to us and themselves unknown. I am of opinion that it is

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my, ewledge to examine what is called Revelation with candour; and pity those Governments that burn either Men or Books for mere opinion, I believe in God with all my heart and the Christian Religion with as much power as I am able. Man who seems the most unhappy being in the Creation is born lives and dies in pain, Priests and Doctors constrain him in his Infancy, mislead him in Manhood and terrify him in old age, they make him a Coward through his Pilgrimage here and pursue him even to the Tomb, this is called by some Religion, but for my part I call it imposture or madness. Priests are not made to render us happy in this World or the next. I hope to die nobly and with confidence none but a Slave would fear to be united to his excellent Master; I esteem mine too highly to fear his presence. no external oblation can wash away the bad Man's guilt even tho' plunged in Holy Water, or stuck with nails as in India, or coverd with excrement as among the Bramins, but the good Man shall see God and be happy even though he has adored the felicity of Negroes or the Marmorettes of the Bonzes.

Thou God who seest my heart and hast formed my understanding, pardon my offences as I forgive those who have offended me, as for the rest I must suppose that those who are blind, will not see the Sun at noon day.

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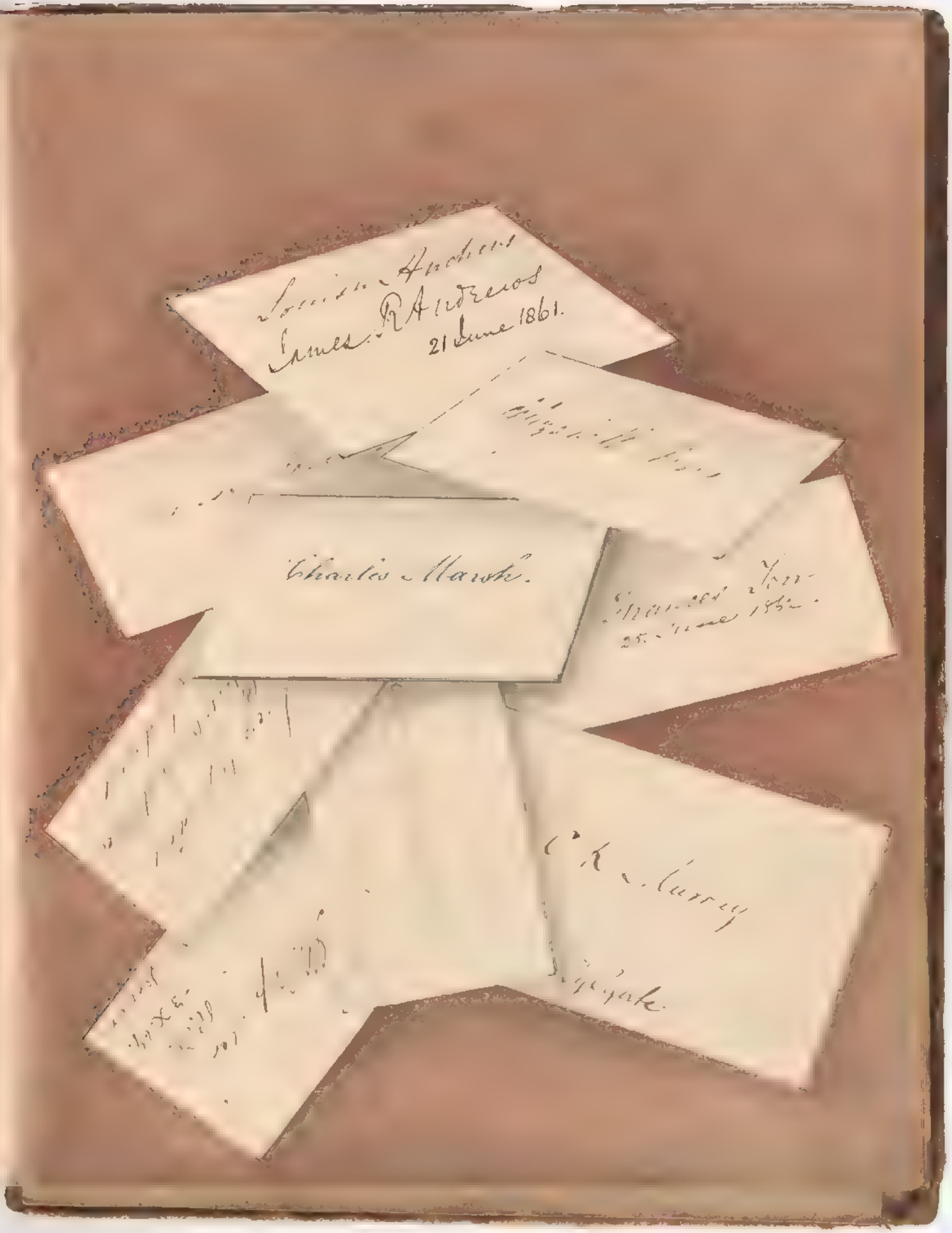

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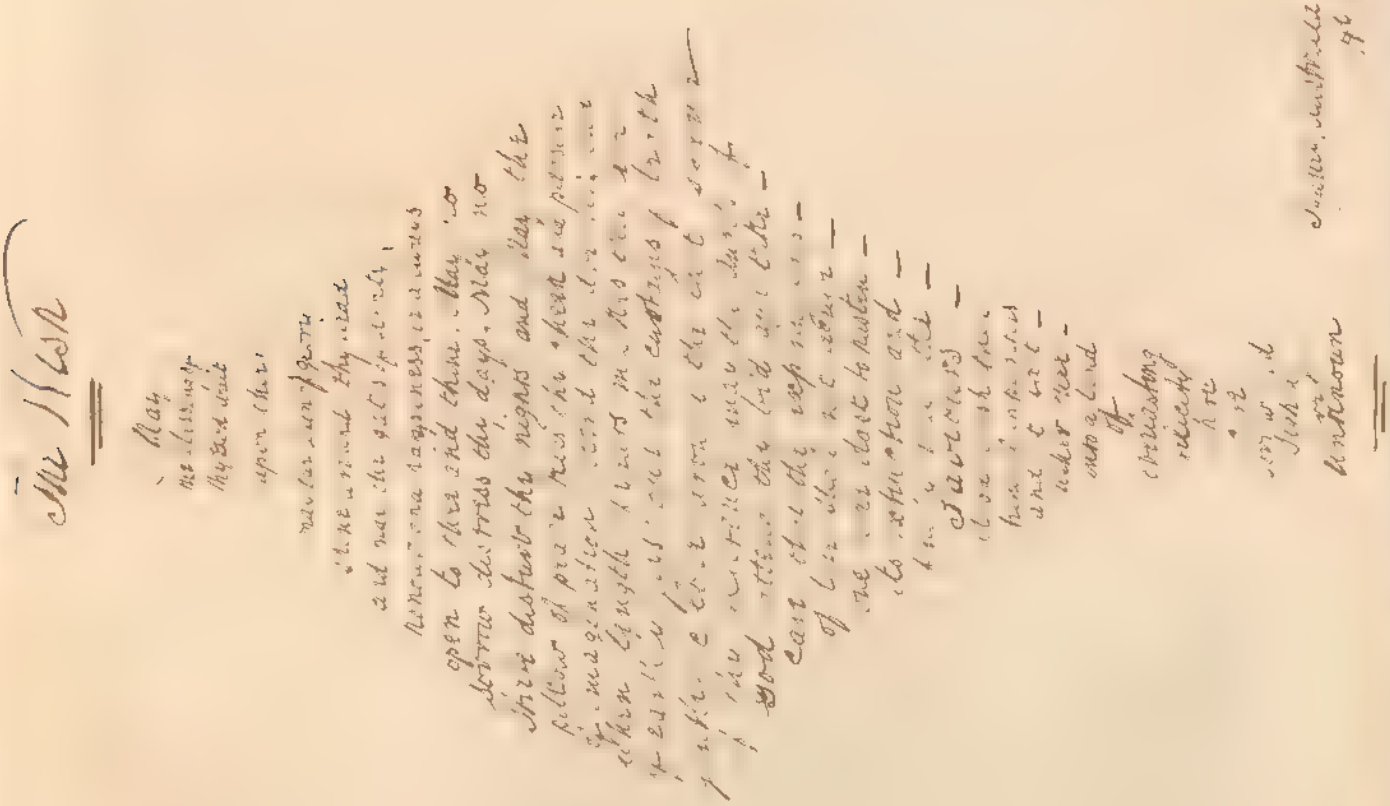

Genius.

The beautiful is genius to love unselfish.
With holiness! Oh! how divinely sweet
The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touched
By the soft hand of Piety and tuning
Upon Religion's shrine, there vibrating
With solemn music in the ear of God
Pollok.

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ANCESTRY OF THE MOTHER OF OLIVER CROMWELL.—Banquo, Thane of Lochaber, slain by Macbeth, was great-grandfather of Walter, who was created Lord High Steward of Scotland. His son Alexander, second Lord Steward, had, with other issue, James (the eldest son), who succeeded to land Lord Steward, espoused Marjory, only daughter by the first wife of King Robert Bruce, and had a son Robert Stuart, who ascended the Scottish throne at the decease of his uncle David II., 1370, the first monarch of the house of Stuart. Andrew, the third son, Steward of Dundevale, was father of Sir Alexander Stuart, in the service of the King of France, and slain at Vannale, and his son Sir John Stuart, knight, settled in England, and was grandfather of Thomas Stuart, Esq., of Swaffham Market, in the county of Norfolk, whose grandson, Nicholas Stuart, of Wells, in Norfolk, married Cecy, daughter and heiress of — Baskerville, Esq., and was grandfather of William Stuart, Esq., whose daughter was the mother of Oliver Cromwell.

FORTUNES OF THE CROMWELLS.—The Cromwells were of consideration and high county standing in Huntingdonshire, seated at the fine mansion of Hinchinbroke, and descended in the female line from Cromwell, Earl of Essex, of the time of Henry VIII. Its chief, as well as many of its members, fought manfully under the Royal Banner. At the present time, six Peers of the realm trace descent from the Lord Protector, namely, the Earls of Morley, Chichester, Rothes, Cowper, Clarendon, De Grey and Ripon; but, as a contrast to this fair side of the picture, we must honestly confess that within a hundred years after Oliver's death, some of his descendants were reduced to the depths of poverty, almost begging their daily bread. It is a singular fact, that an estate which was granted to George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, *for restoring the monarchy*, should, by intermarriage, eventually vest in the late Oliver Cromwell, Esq., of Cheshunt, who died in 1821, being then the last male descendant of the Protector.—*Burke's Anecdotes of the Aristocracy.*—[Since the above was published, several changes have taken place in the Peerage, occasioned through death. On the demise of the Earl of Rothes, a minor, his sister succeeded as Countess of Rothes, that title being hereditary in the female line.]

A DESCENDANT OF CROMWELL.—Amongst the residents of Tunbridge Wells is an aged gentleman, totally blind, who is a lineal descendant of Cromwell. His great-uncle, James Cromwell, died without issue about the year 1775, and is supposed to have been the last but one of the male descendants of the Protector bearing his name. It is generally believed that the last male descendant named Cromwell died in the year 1821.

Oliver Cromwell,

Lord Protector of England.

Born 25th April 1599

Died 3rd September 1658.

HAVING HIS CURIOSITY SATISFIED.—Oliver Cromwell, when despatching a secret expedition by sea, was pestered by a fanatical prig, who demanded an audience, and when this was granted he said, "The Lord wishes to know where the secret expedition is going." "The Lord knows already," replied Cromwell, "but thou shalt know, for thou shalt go with it," and he sent him on board the fleet.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S HEAD.—The Lord Protector, it will be remembered, was buried in Westminster Abbey. "I well recollect my father the Dean," says Mr. Frank Buckland, "pointing out the place to his friends. The grave was situated in the very centre of the nave chapel, at the east end of King Henry VII.'s Chapel, but there is no stone to mark the place. We read (on the 3rd of September, 1658 (the anniversary of his victories at Dunbar and Worcester, and several other important events of his life), Oliver Cromwell died of fever and tertian ague in the sixteenth year of his rule. His funeral was conducted with unusual pomp and magnificence at Westminster; but the repose was not suffered to rest in peace. At the Restoration it was disinterred by the Royalists, and having been hung at Tyburn, was cast into a hole beneath the gallows. The head was subsequently separated from the body and placed on a pole over the gate at Temple-bar. The last heads passed there were those of Tichborne and Fleetwood, the regicides, in 1684. Here it remained till it was blown down by the wind, and was at that moment picked up by a soldier, who concealed it. It remained in the family of the soldier for several generations, at last [illegible] years ago it was given by the last descendant of the family to Mr. Wilkinson, a surgeon of Sandycombe Lodge, Isleworth, and is still in his possession. The skull is perfect, but in excellent preservation. I regret [illegible] not [illegible] yet. The liver of the [illegible], and the worst case we have, is plainly to be seen. The hole made by the iron spike when the head was placed on Temple-bar is still there, and the flesh has [illegible] which would not have been the case with the [illegible] of any ordinary person. With the head are preserved the actual documents in which [illegible] offered [illegible] for the restoration of the authorities of the head, after it was blown down, and severe threats upon those who retained it, knowingly, after these notices were published."

16.—On Thursday, 16th November, 1654, Oliver Cromwell's mother died. On Friday, 17th, Secretary Thurloe writes incidentally, "My Lord Protector's mother, of ninety-four years old, died last night. A little before her death she gave my lord her blessing in these words: 'The Lord cause His face to shine upon you; and comfort you in your adversities; and enable you to do great things for the glory of your Most High God, and to be a relief unto His people. My dear son, I leave my heart with thee. A good night!'—and therewith sank into her long sleep." Even so. Words of ours are but idle. Thou brave one. Mother of a hero, farewell!—Ninety-four years old. The royalties of Whitehall, says Ludlow, very credibly, were of small moment to her, "at the sound of a musket she would often be afraid her son was shot, and could not be satisfied unless she saw him once a day at least."—Carlyle.

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Cromwell.

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